

# DET TINGEN.

## A P O E M.

Humbly Inscribed, in particular,

To His EXCELLENCY the Earl of S---IR,

A N D

His Grace the Duke of M--lbor--gh.

And, in general,

To every gallant *British* Officer, who  
assisted in *Chastizing* the vain glorious TROOPS  
of FRANCE, upon the Borders of the *Mayn*.

B Y

JOHN HIGHMORE, Esq;

---

His *annual* dull Respects, with *venal* Lay,  
Let, at St. J---s's, LAUREAT C--BB--R, pay ;  
By *Lucre* prompted, let *him* tune his Lyre,  
*Alone*, as SALARY and SACK inspire ;  
While I, a BARD *unmercenary*, sing,  
Not for the *Pay*, but *Honour* of my KING.  
And, may I ne'er, *Essay* poetic, make,  
Like C--ll--y, merely for base MAMMON's Sake.

Anenymous.

---

In *Fight*, while BRITONS *terrible*, appear,  
*Matchless* in STRENGTH, in SPIRIT *void* of Fear ;  
Let GALLIA's Sons, who *scarce* can fight at all,  
Themselves, in BREECHES, GALLIA's Daughters call.

Anonymous.

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O ! *veræ Phrygiæ, neque enim Phryges !*

Virg.

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19.



DET T I M G E N.

MEMO

TO THE EXCELLENCY THE EARL OF ...

His Grace the Duke of Devonshire

of France, upon the borders of the Alps, assisted in organizing the said glorious Troops of over Gallant British Officers, who







T O  
H I S G R A C E  
T H E  
Duke of M — — L B O R — — G H.

My L O R D,

**A**S certain former Productions of my Muse, *trivial* as they might seem, were honour'd by your *Grace* with a *candid*, and *truly* amicable Welcome ; I now venture on the Freedom of presenting to your Perusal the ensuing Lines : and however defective, in Point of *poetic Merit*, they may appear ; I flatter myself they will, at least, be look'd upon as a Mark of the Author's *uncommon* Zeal for the Preservation of *inestimable* LIBERTY.

For which, by their *Victorious* SOVEREIGN led,  
BRITANNIA's gallant, *war-devoted* Sons  
So lately fought, with *martial* *Lawrel* crown'd ;  
And, to *Themselves*, while *deathless* Honour gaining,  
Became, to their *applauding* COUNTRY, dear.  
And, tho' to *hardy* WARFARE, yet *untrain'd*,  
O ! that the *Hero's*, I were now to join,  
*But* in a *private* Man's *untitl'd* Rank ;  
For, by great MARS, and greater GEORGE, I swear !  
I feel an *Ardour* glowing in my *Breast*,  
That, soon, wou'd raise me, *living*, to COMMAND ;  
Or, give me, *dying* in the *well-fought* FIELD,  
A *Patriot-Warrior's* *exemplary* Fame ;  
Than Life *inactive*, tho' with *Splendor*, led,  
As well in REASON's, as in VIRTUE's Eye,  
More *eligible* far.

That your Grace, in Conjunction with your illustrious *martial* Fraternity, may continue *successful* in your *just*, *honourable*, and *gallant* Enterprizes, is the *ardent* Prayer of,

My L O R D,

Your Grace's most devoted,

And obedient humble Servant,

John Highmore.





# A P O L O G Y

By Way of

## P R E F A C E.

**P**OETIC Lines, no doubt, in *Nature's* Spight,  
It *Weakness* argues, to attempt to write ;  
Yet, Pardon, sure, the *Generous* won't refuse  
To *Foibles*, pleading *Virtue* in Excuse.

Such the Excuse, our **AUTHOR** has to plead,  
Who justly thinks, he better cannot need.

The *Jays*, in short, that in his Bosom reign;  
Caus'd by Expresses welcome from the **MAYN**,  
In *Verse* to tell, he burns with strong Desire,  
Tho' not one **MUSE**, of all the Nine, inspire.  
If **CRITICS**, then, who judge, like **PATRIOTS**, think,  
They, at bad Numbers, will, as **PATRIOTS**, wink.

More to apologize, were needless Stuff ;  
A Word to th' **WISE**, and **CANDID**, is enough.

DET-

### E R R A T A :

In Page 8, Line 14, instead of *Minute*, read *Minuet*.  
Instead of l. 4. p. 10. read,  
Shatter'd, confus'd, scarce visible, for *Smoak*.





# DETTINGEN.

A

## POEM.

**M**ETRE, than PROSE, we evidently find,  
Itself, more firmly fixes in the Mind ;  
Nor will a *true-born* BRITON, sure, disown,  
Th' Account of FREEDOM'S ENEMIES, *o'erthrown*,  
Of all the *Tidings* RUMOUR can impart,  
Should be, the *deepest* rooted in his Heart.  
Hence, what from DETTINGEN, *Dispatches* bring,  
Tho' *weak my* MUSE, *Zeal-Patriot* bids me sing ;  
And, as a *faithful Deputy* of FAME,  
With *Rapture*, 'tis, I what ensues, proclaim.

Since *Churchill* liv'd to humble *England's* Foes,  
GALLIA forgetting his *chastizing* Blows,

B

With



With Love of *insolent* Oppression, fir'd,  
 Once more, at *arbitrary* SWAY aspir'd.  
*Britain* alarm'd, to *frustrate* this *Design*,  
 Proceeds, of Course, her *brave Allies* to join;  
 Which, LIBERTY'S Opponents strait attempt,  
 At *Threefold* Odds, *ignobly* to prevent.  
 Hence, what, with *trivial* Skirmishes, began,  
 Soon to destructive, vengeful *Fury* ran;  
 For *Honour*, which, ne'er *British* Arms forsook,  
 The *smallest* Insult never *long* can brook.

And now both Sides form into just Array,  
 Their *rival* hostile Prowess to display.

By *Albion* Force, the *Disposition* made,  
 In Words but few, may very soon be said;  
 Who (therefore, not *superfluously* t'enlarge)  
 Rang'd by their SOVEREIGN, stood prepar'd to charge;  
 And, like themselves, who Enemy n'er fear'd,  
 Thrice gave a *Shout*, thro' distant Nations heard:  
 A *Shout*, unless struck *sudden Deaf* his Ear,  
 Which *L-w-s*, doubtless, at *Versailles* might hear;  
 Who, if he, *Monarch-like*, a Bosom own,  
 That glows with Warmth becoming of a Crown,  
 Must *blush* to think a *Brother* SOVEREIGN *fights*,  
 While in soft *Luxury* Himself delights:

Nay,



Nay, while himself, in *Prime of Age*, remains  
 From Peril free, a *Royal Neighbour* reigns  
 'Midst Dangers *martial*, and elate with Joy,  
 At *Threescore* proves, as *active* as a Boy.

BRITANNIA'S SONS, in brief, to Battle led,  
 By a *Death-facing* HERO at their Head,  
*Resolv'd* on Conquest, draw the *dreadful* Sword,  
 And, to set on, *impatient* wait the Word.  
 But be it own'd, tho' *no* Men *better* fight,  
 They're at the Bus'ness *strangely* *unpolite* ;  
 And while a well-bred FRENCHMAN'S *Chine* they cleave,  
 Scarce say so much as, *Good SIR, by your Leave*.  
 Of the rude Churls, ill-manner'd as they are,  
 We, for a while, the Mention will forbear ;  
 And, in *their* Turn, describe their gallic *Foes*,  
 Of which, the *Meaneft*, *better* *Breeding* shows.

Deck'd are their Troops (as *Fighting's* not their *Fort*)  
 Less fit for BATTLE, than a BALL at COURT.  
 Down from *N-a-les*, with *Marshal's* Title *grac'd*,  
*Each Officer*, the *Army* *through's* in Taste,  
 And, in the Pink of *newest* Fashion *lac'd* :  
*Carv'd* are their *Fusees*, with the *Barrels* gilt,  
 And Knots embroider'd, grace each *Rapier's* Hilt :

Like



Like *Petit Maitre spruce*, from Top to Toe,  
 With *red heel'd Shooe*, and *Feather in Chapeau*,  
 Each *Subaltern's*, in short, a finish'd Beau.  
 Nor do their *high Embellishments* end here,  
 As by th' Account ensuing will appear.

Know then, by *Martial Law of polish'd France*,  
 An *Adjutant*, must like *Le Blonde*, dance ;  
 Who, so *accomplish'd* is, with an Intent,  
 The Art to teach throughout the *Regiment* :  
 And that the *Soldiery* may fight, *by Rule*,  
 In every *Barrack*, there's a *Dancing School*.  
 Thus, when the Men *their GENERAL salute*,  
 In manner of a *Rigadoon*, they do't :  
 In *March*, the *Grace of Minute Step* they prove,  
 Nor, *out of Cadence*, must a *Finger* move :  
 And to appear with *Terror* of a *Soldier*,  
 To the *bold Louvre's Tune*, their *Musket, shoulder*.  
 In fine, with great *Dexterity* of Feet,  
 In *Dancing Air*, the *Enemy* they meet :  
 In dancing Air, they *cock, present, give Fire*,  
 In dancing Air, then *instantly* retire ;  
 And all who can't do this, *exact in Time*,  
 Suffer, as guilty of *immartial Crime*.

Thus *train'd*, for *Fight* prepar'd, the *Heroes* stand,  
 The *General's Word*, expectant, of Command,

Despising,



Despising, and yet *trembling* at their Foes,  
Who're *only bred*, (ROUGH CLOWNS! ) to *knock-down* Blows.

Now TRUMPETS *sound*, and DRUMS to BATTLE beat,  
And WARRIORS, WARRIORS, *fiercely* looking, meet.  
The GAULS, to do 'em Justice, for a *Spirt*,  
In Vollies *smart*, their Ammunition *squirt*.

But what avail *repeated* Show'rs of *Balls*  
'Gainst *Ranks* that stand *immovable* as WALLS?  
'Tis true, a BRITON, here and there, is found  
Sinking beneath a sharp *disabling* Wound:

JOHNSON, a *Limb*, and ALBEMARLE, a *Horse*,  
Is losing seen, by *Powder's fatal* Force:

Thus too, *young* CUMBERLAND's *keen Mettle's* try'd,  
Fighting by his *intrepid* Father's Side;  
And while a *Host* of gallick Squadrons fires,  
CLAYTON, with *glorious* Wounds adorn'd, expires.

Yet, while these *greatly* share a *Soldier's Fate*,  
'Midst *threat'ning* Dangers, numberless and great,  
GEORGE still *unwounded* stands, to *animate*.

By whose Direction *wise*, and *truly brave*,  
Around Him Troops successfully behave;  
For *what* Success won't *British Valour* bring,  
With *added* Presence of a *warlike* KING?

The *Victor's Wreath*, almost in *spight* of FATE,  
Must, *surely*, ever, such Examples wait.



So proves it here, while *Albion's* Force advance,  
Mowing before 'em, the *Toupees* of *France*.

See, see *NOAILLES's* weary'd Squadrons broke,  
Their shatter'd Files, scarce visible, for *Smoak*.

Here, Heaps on Heaps, of gallick Beaus are, laid,  
Rich sacrifices to the Conqueror's Blade,  
And, Plunder of their costly Trappings, made.

There, *Boufflers*, *Fenelon*, and many more,  
Are pompous Prisoners in *Triumph* bore.

Lo *Gallia's* Household STANDARD, keenly fought,  
By gallant CAMPBELL, *Lyon-like* who fought,  
At Head of *Scottish Greys*, thro' charging Legions brought.

Now, now, all Order of *Battalia's* o'er,  
And Regiments, are rallying found, no more.

Some, to conclude, the *Field* with *Crimson*, stain,  
While others dye the *Waters* of the *Mayn* ;  
And, all that scaping CAPERERS can say,  
Is, that they, nimbly dancing, got away,  
Leaving their *Foes*, whom deathless Honours crown,  
With *Booty*, sweet'ning their well-earn'd *Renown*.

Yet is th' Attempt to cure *French Swaggerers*, vain ;  
For still we find 'em boasting, *a la main* ;  
And, to exist, 'till their whole Race shall cease,  
Their *Itch* of gasconading will increase.

But



But let 'em *boast*, for since they *cannot fight*,  
 Too *generous* to bear 'em *any Spight*,  
*Henceforth*, as they were WOMEN, we will treat 'em,  
 Deeming it *shameful*, any more to *beat 'em* ;  
 Determin'd still, *ourselves*, to act like MEN,  
 And 'stead of *vaunting*, *silently couteemn*.

Thus, *plainly* told, th' Account you *truely* hear,  
 And, if not relish'd by *harmonious* Ear,  
 Let Those, who of its *Tunelesness* complain,  
 By their *more* tuneful *Genius*, *mend the Strain* :  
 As I *find* NEWS, without *poetick* Art,  
*Bards*, fure, may *clubb*, and *add the Poet's Part*.

F I N I S.









